A

POEM

ON THE

CORONATION

OF

JAMES the II. King

OF

Great-Britain, France and *Ireland*, &c. Who was Crowned at *Wiſtminſter-Abey* the 23th of *April*, 1685.

Julium Sidus *micat inter omnes, velut inter ignes Luna Minores* Horat.

A Thron's Promotions *Pyramid*, and *Kings*
Are *God*'s Vicegerants, and the Healthful Springs
Whence Judgment both and Equity do flow,
To cauſe the Flowers of *Peace* and *Plenty* Grow,
Which bear, and yield the Fruits of ſweet Content,
The *Root* and *Noſegey* of a Government.
For as the *Sun* darts forth his Beams and Light,
To clear the World from Darkneſs of the Night;
A Gracious *King* makes *Anarchy* to Flye,
By Juſtice join'd with *Soveraignity*.
'Tis Providence (that's nominated Fate)
Guides and Governs all things in *Church* and *State*.
Promotion and a Kingdoms Royal *Crown*
Comes not by Chance; 'tis *God* alone throws down
The Proud; Exalting thoſe (who for Defence)
Take his decree and ſure *Omniſcience*.
Now ſince the Triumph of this joyful Day
Hath turn'd the Wheels of an *Hyperbole*;
And *Expectation* hath conceiv'd in Vain
A *Gemini*; and Labour without Pain
Hath brought forth *One*, who is (without Conteſt)
Of Royal Blood, and Soveraign Kings the Beſt:
Great *JAMES*, who with his Conqueſt of Renown,
And Sacred Head, hath honour'd *Englands* Crown;
Let all his Subjects ſound and ecchо forth
A Loyal *Simphonia* to his Worth.
The firſt rate *Soveraign* that was ſadly toſt,
From Wind to Wave, and was given o'r for Loſt,
'Twixt *Scilla* and *Charibis*, now hath paſt
The Shore of Shipwracks, and Arriv'd at laſt
At that ſafe Harbour, where (tho Billows Rore)
No Tempeſt can prevail againſt him More.
Call and conveen the *Hyſtories* of Time,
With all the Poems have been Wrote in Rhyme,
And all the *Hyrogliphicks* that have been
'Twixt *Triſmegiſtas* and late *Guiccardeen*:
Then let the great *Chronologers* point forth
A *Prince* that was more Eminent in Worth;
For *Gratitude* (the Glory of a *King*,
The Life of Loyalty, and only thing
That Binds a Subject firmly to perſiſt
In Truth, to live and Die a Loyalliſt)
Is his Predominant; he caſts an Eye
On thoſe who did prove True, when *Anarchy*
Eclips'd the Royal Race; and doth repay
Their Deeds and Service, till this very Day.
And furthermore, (as 'tis by all Confeſt)
Our preſent *MARY* is of *Queens* the Beſt;
Tho *Malice* Judge and *Envy*'s *Jury* Sit
Upon her Size, no Blemiſh ſhee'll admit;
Her ſpotleſs Reputation doth Defie
The rigid *Critick* of Hypocrecy.
Caſt all the vertues to one Total worth,
Her *Sume* of partes will point the *Product* forth.
But why ſhould I preſume thus to rehearſe
A *Them* that's far beyond the reach of *Verſe*;
Her innate *Candor* ſendeth forth a Light,
Can ſhow her Splendour, in the darkeſt Night.
Her Fame's enough her perſon to extole,
And ſend her praiſes to the *Artick-Pole*.
And tho blind Mortals now ſhould not her prize,
Yet after ages will her canonize.
Hence then State-grumbling *Criticks* get ye gon,
With all your prancks of Combination.
In *Iſrael* the *Sciſmaticks* and *Sects*
The very *Prince of Peace* himſelf did vex;
So *Trimmers* now, and *Counterfeits* throw dirt
At *Church* and *State*; and make Religion Squirt.
Yet thou Great *JAMES* Vicegerant unto God,
Whos Providence hath brought Thee ſafe, dry-ſhod,
Through that *Red-Sea* which threatned to fall down
Upon thine *Highneſs*, and o'rwhelm thy Crown,
Minde his great power; and keep before thine eye
His Glory; that thy Name may never dye;
But have (when thou art laid in Earths vaſt Womb)
The Good and Great Engraven on thy Tombe.

All fleſh is graſs; turn back, and look behind
The vail of by paſt ages; and thou'lt find
Time's gliſtering Glorves are but ſhadowes vain;
And Man once Dead returneth not again:
Crowns are but Cobwebs, and the Life of Man
Compared to Long *Eternity*'s a Span.

P. K.

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